

don't sleep when you know you've got it good

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don't sleep when you know you've got it good

by [kneeinjury](#).

Summary

aleksander asks alina to design them a house. she does. and then she decides it's a bit too big for just two.

or: the cheating verse breeding kink fic

Notes

this is disgusting

not 100% necessary to read its predecessor no rest at the kingdom first, but it is allowed and even encouraged

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A pot of soup simmers on the stove, the kitchen warm and smelling of sausage and winter squash, when Aleksander comes home from work in the evening.

“Hi,” Alina calls when she hears the clink of his keys in the catch-all, the twin thuds of him toeing off his shoes in the hallway.

“Hello, my love,” he responds, greeting her with a kiss on the mouth before padding softly into the bedroom to change out of his work clothes.

When he comes back he takes a seat at the breakfast bar opposite Alina and starts to sort through the mail before wholeheartedly abandoning it as he spots the large manila envelope on the countertop.

“Is this them?” he asks, his interest piqued. Alina nods with a grin.

“I wanted to wait until you were home to open it,” she says.

He smiles fondly, opening the envelope and pulling out the contents.

About six weeks ago, Alina began drafting blueprints for the house they're going to build on the plot of land they bought just outside the city: seven acres of gentle hills backing up to a wide, shallow creek.

When Aleksander brought her to see the land for the first time she cried. For so long, her life had been spent barely scraping along from paycheck to paycheck, never feeling secure or stable. To suddenly find herself in the arms of someone who was not only capable of providing for her every need for forever, but who also desperately wanted to fulfill her every frivolous wish was almost too ludicrous to wrap her mind around.

She cried and he held her. He didn't ask her any questions, didn't try to make her talk about it. Just held her and pressed his face to the crown of her head until she was finished, and then

tangled her fingers in his as they walked the property.

Now, her face nearly glows as she watches him go over the final floor plan for their new home together, tracing the lines demarcating closet doors and cabinetry with his index finger.

“So if that’s the master, then what’s this one?” Chin perched on his hand, he points at the second downstairs room labeled BEDROOM in short capital letters.

“That’s my room,” Alina says easily, barely looking up from the stove as she turns the eye off.

Sasha frowns.

“Your... office?”

“No, silly, my bedroom.”

“What in God’s name do you mean, your *bedroom*?” He doesn’t sound quite angry, just horrified and confused. It’s a tone she doesn’t think she’s ever heard him use.

“I mean my bedroom, Sasha. A room of my own to sleep in and store my clothes and things in. You’ve got one as well, see?” She gestures at the MASTER label and looks at him, her eyebrows raised expectantly.

It’s almost too easy. His face is frozen, his mouth ever so slightly agape, the whites of his eyes showing around the almost-black of his irises.

“Am I to understand that you intend to sleep apart from me? And keep your things apart from my things? Keep your life apart from mine? And-”

The growing distaste in his voice twists visibly on his mouth, and she fights a losing battle with the smug little grin creeping along her face as he realizes, cuts himself off.

“Oh, you think you’re quite funny, don’t you? Tormenting your poor husband like that, you should be ashamed,” he tells her, circling the breakfast bar to pin her up against the counter with his hips.

“I can’t help it when you make it so easy,” she laughs.

“You... are a brat. Do you hear me? I should fuck you right here on the countertop, pull out just before you come.” His hand circles her throat possessively, but his eyes are entirely too soft to actually be threatening.

“You should, probably,” she says, nodding demurely and running her hands along his waist, “But don’t you want to know what the second bedroom is for?”

He stills, fingers soft against her pulse. “Do you actually have something specific in mind, or are you angling for a spanking, as well?”

Alina rolls her eyes. “Yes, sir,” she says mockingly, but Aleksander’s lids drop just a bit.

He clears his throat. “Well, then. What is your plan, my love? Tell me.”

Beneath his palm, her heartbeat begins to quicken slightly. “I thought for now, it could be an office or a guest room, but, maybe later... I mean, like, in the future, I don't have a specific timeline or anything... I thought it might make a nice nursery?”

Aleksander goes completely still. For a moment it feels like her heart stops entirely, looking at him and waiting for him to say something, to react, to express any kind of emotion or sign that there was a thought process happening behind his eyes.

It takes a moment for his brain to come back online. “A nursery,” he says, barely more than a breath. His face is schooled into a carefully neutral expression. Fear shoots through her. Has she horribly misjudged this? Maybe he doesn’t want children at all, maybe all his dirty talk about filling her up and keeping her that way was only that: just talk. Maybe it was only a fantasy.

Why didn't they talk about this before they got married? Stupid girl. At the time she figured they would get around to it eventually, and if he said he didn't want kids, then okay, she could live with that. He was what was important to her.

“I mean, only if you- I know we haven’t really talked about- I just thought-”

He silences her with a searing kiss, his mouth burning hot and wet as he opens her up beneath him, his grip on her throat tightening. He takes a long minute to just hold her there and kiss her until she’s breathless, then pulls away slowly, his mouth red and slick.

“My Alinochka. I love you better than anything in this world. How could I not want to bring more of you into my life?” His voice is soft, almost reverent, his thumb sweeping back and forth across her jugular in an affectionate caress.

He loves her. She knows, of course she knows, he's told her before, and she took the man as her wedded husband in front of God and everybody, but. Each time he says it her nerves sing, her skin thrums, her bones shiver, just a little bit.

She surges up on her toes to press her mouth to his, and he devours her.

The solid invasion of his tongue in her mouth is burning hot, and his hands are the same as they roam all over her, gripping her ass to pull her body against his, running his hand down the soft plane of her belly down between her legs. He hoists her up onto the kitchen counter with a grunt, his upper lip curling to bare his teeth slightly.

Alina kisses at his neck, his cheek, the underside of his jaw, humming contentedly as he undresses her.

Suddenly, his hand grips the back of her neck, pulling her off of him, a whine escaping her lips.

“My baby wants a baby? She needs to use her words,” he says, reaching down to undo his belt, “need to ask Daddy nicely for a baby, Alina.”

Pride stutters inside her indignantly, but she can *feel* a hot spurt of arousal rush down her body to where her folds are growing slick and swollen. And patience has never been her strong suit. “Please, Daddy, please give me a baby, I want one. I want your baby,” she coos, tracing his cheekbones with her thumbs.

If she could even tell where his irises end and his pupils begin, she knows she’d see them expand rapidly, but as the two are indistinguishable, all she can do is listen to his sharp intake of breath and watch him run his tongue over his teeth.

“Sweet little girl,” he breathes, and leans in to lay a chaste kiss on her lips. His eager hands make quick work of her panties, the only thing she’s still wearing, and then she’s naked on his kitchen counter.

She’s slippery and hot, the cool air slapping her overheated cunt brutally. The emptiness inside her aches to be filled; aches for her husband to push into her with his cock, spill his seed inside her, fill her with his baby.

Sasha must notice her shiver, because he frowns before scooping her up and carrying her to their bedroom and depositing her on the bed. For a moment he simply stands in front of her with his hands on his hips and his unbuckled belt hanging from his belt loops. She stretches out, writhing a little on the duvet, and fixes him with a coy, kittenish look, her eyelids heavy.

It makes her crazy with want when he gets like this. Withholding and ravenous at the same time: it makes her want to mess him up the way he does to her. His index finger taps on her sternum, tracing a looping half circle along the curve of her breast before finding the dark blush of her nipple.

He takes a minute to just stroke back and forth over it, flicking the flesh there into a tight, hard peak, goosebumps forming around the areola. She arches into the sensation, gasping a soft “*oh*,” into the hush of the room.

Need overtakes her, and she reaches out a hand, whispering, “Sasha...” as sweetly as she knows how. The groan that escapes him is thick and guttural, his desire clear as birdsong. He kneels on the bed and sets himself upon her, gripping her hips in both hands and yanking her across the bedspread into his arms.

Bending, he takes her breast in his mouth, wet tongue tracing her nipple before taking it in between his teeth and sucking gently. Her hands bury themselves in his hair as he spends a few minutes lavishing equal attention on each breast, and her eyelids fall shut.

The cold metal of his belt buckle digs into her ass unforgivingly until she whines, pushing at it, and Aleksander pulls back a little. He stands up long enough to get his clothes the rest of the way off and then he’s back on top of her, dragging her into his lap.

Squirming as he starts to notch his dick at her soaked, blushing entrance, she jolts and chokes out a squealing little gasp when Aleksander suddenly pulls away to slap her pussy. His hand lands with a sharp *smack* on her puffy, wet lips, and the impact catches the edge of her clit with an electrifying pulse.

“You need to behave, little girl,” he tells her, his voice rough, and she just whines, reaching up to him.

He grasps both wrists, pulling her into a sitting position, straddled across his thighs, her hips spread wide to reveal where her cunt is weeping in anticipation of his cock.

“Alina.”

Her eyes snap to his.

“Are you going to listen to me?” His voice is calm, patronizing, warm. Safe.

All she can bring herself to do is nod, tears beginning to blur her vision. He always knows what she needs. He takes care of her so well.

“And are you going to obey me?”

She nods again.

“I need to hear it, my love, I need you to use your words. Tell Sasha you’re going to be obedient,” he coos, wrapping his arms around her firmly.

“I’m going to be obedient, Sasha, I’ll listen,” she sniffs.

He rewards her with a deep, open-mouthed kiss, and the press of his cock into her pussy.

Gasping into his mouth, she instinctively rocks forward, trying to get all of him inside her at once. Each inch stretches her further, fills her with a burning, fluid pleasure that spills down from the center of her chest, pooling in her gut and spreading to her cunt.

Arousal continues to build inside her. Each thrust fills her to the brim, stretching her wet, swollen entrance and teasing the fiery sensation of climax out of her belly, down through her clitoris, into the humming nerves of her cunt.

“Sasha, Sasha,” she pleads tearily, her face buried in his shoulder, one hand wrapped around the nape of his neck.

“I know, sweetheart, I know,” he tells her, voice warm and private. “I’ll give you what you need, fill you up. Going to put a baby in you, my love.”

A shudder wracks through her, moving down her body to pull at his cock inside her, pulsing around him with heat and desire.

“You like hearing it, hm? You like hearing how I’m going to fuck a baby into you, get you knocked up? You’ll look so good with my baby in your belly,” he says, and it sends a frisson of heat down her spine, electric as it lights her up. He doesn’t stop either, tells her, “I can’t wait to see it, see you pregnant, so everyone knows you let me come inside you. So everyone knows you belong to someone. They’ll all know someone’s fucking you right, keeping you bred and full, my sweet little wife.”

As he talks, he sneaks a hand between them and fingers her clit, picking up speed and raising his voice to be heard over her responding moans.

“Oh, my god, Sasha, I’m-” she ekes out, digging her fingernails into his skin, “I’m gonna come, Sasha, *please* -!”

She cuts herself off as climax rushes through her, the electric feeling in her cunt flooding each individual nerve and lighting her up like a torch, burning hot as flame. She feels it in her clitoris, in the clutch of her pussy around Aleksander’s cock, feels it spread through her hips and belly and chest.

Over his murmured praise in her ear, she cries out weakly, letting her forehead fall to Sasha’s neck and mouthing at the taut line of the tendon that strains with effort there.

As she comes down, he pulls out, lays her down on the bed, and lays beside her so he can push into her from behind. Her leg tossed backwards over his hip, he tilts her head to the side so he can kiss her deeply, presses down on her lower jaw so she has no choice but to open, to let him all the way in.

The aftershocks of orgasm send pulsing waves through her body, and she shudders in his arms as he pumps in and out of her, brushing her still-alight nerves and making her jolt in response.

He curls his arm around her to play with her tits, palming the swell of each breast in his hand as if memorizing their current state or imagining how they'll look when she's ripe with his child.

"Such a sweet girl for me, Alina, taking me so well. You're doing so good, I'm so proud of you," he says, laying kisses to her neck and mouth affectionately, "you're going to give me the most beautiful babies, aren't you?"

A whine finds its way out of her mouth, low and desperate. "Please, Sasha," she whispers, "please give me your baby, I want a baby."

"I'll give you a baby, sweetheart, don't worry," he takes her earlobe between his teeth, so the words come out jumbled, "get you full of my come, get a baby on you." He seems almost out of control, the way he's running his mouth. She had no idea this would get him so keyed up, or she would have broached the subject months ago.

Their bodies rut together at a frenzied pace, Aleksander driving in and out of her furiously, his arms tight around her, snarling in her ear the filthiest, most unhinged things she's ever heard come out of his mouth.

Things like: he's going to breed her full of his come, keep her plugged up full of his seed until she's knocked up, and then when she's pregnant, he won't let her out of their bed, he'll just keep fucking her. All she'll be allowed to do is rest and come and grow his baby.

With his voice rasping in her ear about marking her up, putting his baby inside her belly, it's only a few minutes before she's coming again, her pussy fluttering around his cock, squeezing around him with a cry. Aleksander pounds into her before screwing his hips with a vicious grind, pushing deep and coming inside her. The hot rush of his spend floods her cunt; she can feel his cock jerking inside her, just beneath her belly.

He murmurs, "there we go, there we go. Take it all, take my baby, Alina. Gonna put a baby in you," and his fingers find her clit, rubbing quickly as she clenches around him, and sends her over the edge one more time, shivering and weak.

After she comes down, he starts to pull away, but she reaches back, grabs his hip to keep him pressed up against her with his cock still inside, panting, “not yet, don’t- just stay in, for a little bit.”

So he settles back against her body, pulls her into his chest. They both shift around a little until they’re comfortable, Alina cradled against him and wrapped up in his arms.

Normally, she’d let him pull out much sooner, eager to have the unpleasant sucking sensation over with so she can go pee out any chance of getting a UTI, but tonight she just wants to rest with him inside her. She’ll make him go get AZO in the morning.

Alina finds, drifting in between sleeping and wakefulness, that she actually quite likes it. Aleksander’s dick is... big. She knew this. What she’s now discovering is that it’s big enough to completely fill her up even when it’s soft.

The thought of it turns her on a little, sleepy as she is, and she clamps down on him gently, smiling at the responding kick his dick gives inside her cunt. Not *completely* soft. He releases a soft groan into her hair, “give me a moment, darling, I’m not as young as I used to be. We’ll get a baby in you soon enough.”

Rolling her head back against the flat plane of his shoulder, she says, “You know it won’t take just yet, right? I’m still on birth control.”

“Consider it practice. Now shush. You’re spoiling the afterglow.”

The afterglow only lasts a few more minutes before she’s rocking her hips back into his, coaxing his erection back to full hardness within her. She expects him to chastise her or push her off him, maybe give her a spanking. He just rolls her onto her stomach and works himself back inside, kissing her shoulder.

“Practice makes perfect,” he murmurs genially against her skin, and she laughs into the pillow.

They practice three more times before he lets her go to sleep, exhausted and full of his come.
The soup goes cold in the kitchen.

End Notes

title from mine by beyoncé

@ kneehurted_ on twt

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